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*A Look
on the
Brighter Side*

W. R. Rutherford

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A LOOK ON
THE BRIGHTER SIDE



By
W. R. RUTHERFORD



SAN JOSE
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PREFACE



HIS book is a compilation of some of the articles which have since the first of June, 1903, appeared semi-weekly in the San José Daily Mercury under the heading which stands as the title of this volume. It is put forth at the urgent request of a number of readers, who have desired the author to embody the best of these articles in a small book suitable for a Christmas gift.

The department was undertaken at the suggestion of the Managing Editor of the Mercury, Mr. E. K. Johnston, and while the venture has been very favorably received the author feels it would be ungrateful not to accede to the request of the friends who have asked that these more or less fugitive pieces should be brought together in permanent form, to enable them to preserve and to pass on to others the sources of the pleasure which a great many have been kind enough to say they have experienced in reading them from time to time. Whether it was wise or not to heed the demand thus presented, must be left for the readers to determine.

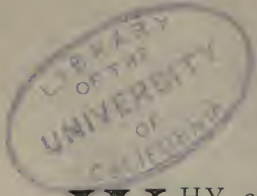
The articles are not all original. They have contained frequent quotations of appropriate little poems and other

writings, appearing in magazines, newspapers, and books, and in some cases offered by the composers of the lines themselves. Credit has generally been given where such quotations have been used, except when the author is unknown, or desires not to be mentioned. No apology is deemed necessary for the repetition of some of them in this collection.

Such as it is, the little volume goes forth with the sincerest wishes of its author that through it many may be helped to take **A Look on the Brighter Side.**

W. R. RUTHERFORD.

San José, Cal., Nov. 12, 1904.



True Optimism

WHY are you an optimist?" The question was sent to a number of well known men and women by an American paper not long ago. The following story is given by the Dublin Christian Advocate of the answer written by Mrs. Alice Palmer Freeman, and there is so much suggestiveness in it for those who would be optimists, but are perhaps taking the wrong way about it by going to one or other of the extremes mentioned, that I think it will do us all good to have it here retold:

"My training as the child of a country doctor," says Mrs. Freeman, "in a home where the daily interests of every member of the family centered in caring for the sick, the poor, the aged—where everybody brought his needs and his anxieties—this was the true training for an optimist. For no one can be permanently helpful who merely looks on a life, criticising those who work. To see clearly the tragedies, and to spend self in trying to save, makes an optimist."

"Perhaps," runs the Dublin paper's comment, "the secret of optimism was never better revealed than in that last sentence. The true optimists of life are not always those who have always 'had things easy' and know nothing of care or trouble; neither are they the ones who resolutely refuse to acknowledge the presence of sin and sorrow. They are those who determine to meet facts honestly and can give themselves eagerly, untiringly, to fighting the sin and lessening the sorrow and the pain. Only he who has given himself to a cause knows all the allies of that cause. He who has devoted himself to the mighty work of advancing God's kingdom of righteousness sees, as others cannot, a thousand signs of hope and cheer in the unlikeliest places. Pessimism may indicate many things, but one thing at least it never fails to reveal—that the pessimist is not spending himself in trying to make the world better."

If we would not incur the imputation of idleness in the cause of the world's bettering, then, let us close our lips ere they allow to slip out a single word of gloomy doubt or pessimism; let us rather follow the line laid down by E. H. Shannon, the author of these lines reprinted in the Boston Budget from the Christian Advocate:

Do It Now

Have you any cheering greeting?
Tell it out today;
While you wait the friend and message
May have gone away.

Let the one who sighs for comfort
Feel a hand-grasp true;
It will cheer the way, and surely
Can't impoverish you.

We are all the time regretting
When it is too late,
And some heavy heart has broken
While we hesitate.

Lives are human, though so often
We disguise our pain;
Some are hungering for your comfort,
Give and give again.

Carpe Diem

PROBABLY all of us have realized the truth in the old saying that there is no use in crossing a bridge before we come to it. How slow we are nevertheless to learn from our own experience, to say nothing of the accumulated experience of millions of wiser heads who have learned it before us, that half of the woes we dread do not come upon us at all. How much wiser it would be to take things as we find them, making the most of the present, with a view also to building most wisely for the future.

"Our to-days and yesterdays," says Longfellow, "are the blocks with which we build," and he counsels us to

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
So ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

If we do this day by day there is no need to worry over the future. "The morrow shall take thought for the things of itself," and the wisest of counselors. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." We often, I think, misunderstand those words. We think they mean "the morrow will have sufficient troubles of its own," and so we look for "sufficient," which we interpret to mean "many" troubles, and are consequently always apprehensive, anticipating trouble, crossing bridges that disappear when we come to them. The real meaning of the great Teacher's utterance is that "sufficient unto the day," that is, the present day,, "is the evil thereof," that is, of this present day; we ought not to make this day heavy with anticipated burdens, which so often prove imaginary.

It may be said, "What is the use of hammering away at a habit that is ingrained in human nature? You don't surely expect to get people to stop worrying about the future." No, not all people. But "constant dropping wears away the stone," and if in these "looks on the

brighter side" we are able to help one, or two, or a few persons among our readers to a brighter outlook on life, and consequently to a brighter and better living of life, then the purpose of these articles is served.

The surest way to make life happy and true and beautiful is to make the most of each day as it passes. I cannot do better than give Mary Lowe Dickinson's words on this thought:

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things,
If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest springs
In our upward way;
We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour
If the hours were few;
We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power,
To be and to do.

We should guide our wayward or wearied wills
By the clearest light;
We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills,
If they lay in sight;
We should trample the pride and the discontent
Beneath our feet;
We should take whatever a good God sent,
With a trust complete.

We should waste no moments in weak regret,
If the day were but one;
If what we remember and what we forget
Went out with the sun;
We should be from our clamorous selves set free,
To work or to pray,
And to be what the Father would have us be,
If we had but a day.

And which one of us dare say that he, or she, has more. To-day is ours; of to-morrow we can say only that it may be ours. We in that sense therefore have but a day.

Pass It On

PROBABLY all of us in our school days have played the little game called "pass it on"; usually, no doubt, it was in the form of a sly punch of our neighbor. But there is a game of "pass it on" which we may and should all play. It is this that the New York Tribune Sunshine Society has adopted as its motto for its doctrine of good cheer. Henry Burton has written a beautiful song upon this theme, the first stanza of which runs:

Have you had a kindness shown?

Pass it on.

'Twas not given for you alone—

Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,

Let it wipe another's tears,

Till in heaven the deed appears—

Pass it on.

How many of us, I wonder, take the trouble, even occasionally, not to say habitually, to think of this, that the many kindnesses we are every day receiving lay us under the obligation to pass them on. And yet if we do not pass them on to our neighbors, what selfish creatures we become! all the time benefited by relatives, by friends, by acquaintances, even by utter strangers, and still giving out little or nothing to those about us. What a sponge-existence! And after all, how near to it we are in danger of coming if we do not pause once in a while to think of our obligations to pass on to others the kindness shown to us.

We meet a friend, and are saluted with a "Good morning," or friendly inquiry after our health. How few the people who reply to such with a studied courtesy by a similar regard for the welfare of their friends. Yet is this not a part of politeness and good manners, to say nothing of kindness? We are so prone to think of what we are thinking of saying rather than of what has been said to us. But when one does in this kindly way recip-

rocate fully the salutation, how it strikes us as not by any means superfluous, but just the right thing, the thing that ought to be said.

How many favors we receive from one and another through the day's long hours, and how many opportunities we have of passing them on. If in a responsive mood, looking for chances to do some one a good turn, we shall find many a time when a deed may be done, or a word said, that will help some one else just as we ourselves have been helped, perhaps not half an hour before.

The receiver of a benefit is made happy. But when he himself confers a benefit upon another in the right spirit, he feels even happier. In this, as in other experiences, the truth of the words of the Lord Jesus, recorded by Paul, are realized: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." How slow we are to learn that lesson! How we go on trying to get happiness, by getting things, trying to have things given to us, and always failing of satisfaction. It will always be so. Whereas, if we would follow the other rule, and give more, we should enjoy more. The way to get happiness is not to seek it. Seek rather to do the duty that lies at hand fully, faithfully, fearlessly, give happiness to others, and then happiness will come itself unsought for.

Pass on then the kindness shown; "scatter seeds of kindness for our reaping by and by"; "cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it," even if "after many days." Every deed and word thus shown shall bear its harvest, and the kindness will surely, in this life or in the other, yet return to you.

What Is Your Life ?

LIFE is as we make it. The one who thinks of life as a burden and a troublesome condition in which he finds himself comes before long to find it even so: the one who looks for beauty and cheer finds his heart's content of them. I like to take comfort in the thought that it is not given to many people to say much that is original, so I may be pardoned for so often quoting the words of others; for they fit in, and if what is worth repeating can be put in a new setting it sometimes gains added value.

The following poem was written by S. E. Kiser, the thoughtful and ready author of many little gems printed in the Chicago Record-Herald. It runs:

To the preacher life's a sermon,
To the joker it's a jest;
To the miser life is money,
To the loafer life is rest.

To the lawyer life's a trial,
To the poet life's a song;
To the doctor life's a patient
That needs treatment right along.

To the soldier life's a battle,
To the teacher life's a school;
Life's a "good thing" to the grafter,
It's a failure to the fool.

To the man upon the engine
Life's a long and heavy grade;
It's a gamble to the gambler,
To the merchant life's a trade.

Life's a picture to the artist,
To the rascal life's a fraud;
Life perhaps is but a burden
To the man beneath the hod.

Life is lovely to the lover,
To the player life's a play;
Life may be a load of trouble
To the man upon the dray.

Life is but a long vacation
To the man who loves his work;
Life's an everlasting effort
To shun duty to the shirk.

To the heaven-blest romancer
Life's a story ever new;
Life is what we try to make it—
Brother, what is life to you?

If it is true, and to a very great degree it is perfectly true, that life is what we choose to make it, every human being is bound to face the question of what he is going to make of his life. He may have great plans, lofty ideals, and in face of them he may at times be tempted to sit down and in utter helplessness say that the task is too great. But such a one ought to take to heart the fact that the mightiest forces and powers, the greatest things in the world both of nature and of art are but the accumulation of little things. "Great things were ne'er begotten in an hour"—whatever is great has grown to be so by innumerable little accretions. A life is what we make of its days and its hours. Elwyn Hoffman wrote a good thing along that line of thought, which appeared in *Sunset*:

I sit and ponder. At my door appears
The little Hour that builds the mighty Years.
It loudly knocks, and calls to me its need;
"Wake, dreamer, wake; and give to me a deed!
I build the Years. If thou wouldst have them fair,
Aid as thou canst, though small may be thy share.
I build the Years. O wise is he that heeds,
And makes my building good by giving deeds!"

I sit and ponder. Aye, the voice is true—
Why ponder longer? 'Tis the time to do!
A noble castle wouldst thou build thee, man?
Then heed the small Hour—'tis thy artisan!
From struggling mite unto the Godhead, lo!
The Hour shall build thee all that thou shalt know.
Heed well the Hour's voice—'tis a living Seer's:
"I build the Years! O man! I build the Years!"

Cheeriness

WHAT a beautiful day!" How often we hear it said, and how true it is. And is it not always so over the greater part of the world? Where the climate seems to us of this zone to be unpropitious or extreme nature has kindly tempered conditions, so that man does not find those climates any more uncomfortable than we find ours. The Laplander and the Eskimo are fed and clothed in accordance with their requirements, while the South Sea Islander and the African native are fed and unclothed as is comfortable in their regions of eternal summer.

In our temperate zone have we not more days of sunshine than rain and cloud? Does not the moon, do not the stars, show light on more nights than are cloudy or moonless? Then why should we not often remark, What a fine day? Why not often help one another to note the fact of the beautiful weather?

If you greet a man with "Isn't it sweltering to-day?" ten chances to one he will answer, "Yes; it's roasting," or something to that effect, while if you pleasantly remark, "Fine day," he will reply "Delightful." What is the philosophy of this? Is it that the same man really feels the day different as he meets a growler or a cheery optimist? Yes, and no. He is more or less affected in his physical feeling by his mental attitude, of course; but, on the other hand, he expresses in his reply that inborn longing of every human being, if not of every rational creature, for sympathy, that instinctive desire to be in accord with one's surroundings.

This being so, how great becomes the responsibility of every person who seeks the welfare and not the discomfort of his fellows, to strive by every salutation to make his neighbor feel better. Then let us comment upon the beautiful weather every day we have a shadow of excuse for doing so; and if any stray day of another

kind chances to come along let us look for some pleasant thought to introduce conversation or to express the passing greeting rather than make one another feel more of discomfort than need be.

And broadening our outlook beyond the mere passing salutation, or even the words of our lips alone, shall we not strive more earnestly to let more of sunshine into our brothers' and sisters' lives day by day? To-day is ours. Of to-morrow we can say only that it may be ours. "Oh, the good we all may do while the days are going by!" As Nixon Waterman beautifully expresses it:

We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done to-day?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give to-day?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
But what did we speak to-day?

We shall be so kind in the afterwhile,
But what have we been to-day?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought to-day?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth;
But whom have we fed to-day?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
But what have we sown to-day?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built to-day?
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But here and now do we do our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask—
"What have we done to-day?"

The Oil of Joy

IN the course of conversation, a gentleman said, "The world wags a whole lot better when you do things in the pleasantest way." This is a remark that at once took hold of the hearer as one freighted with much meaning. We know the value of oil on machinery, as not only making the machine work more smoothly for the time, but also preserving it from such rapid wear as would result from running dry.

Now pleasant dealing in the ordinary business of life is the oil, the grease, if you please, for the wheels; it facilitates the performance of that business, and lengthens the life of the human machines that do the work of the world.

It is said that every laugh adds a minute to one's life, and that every sigh draws a drop of blood from the heart and lessens the number of heart beats. The famous philosopher, Sir William Hamilton, held that pleasure is connected with the increase in the vital energy, while the sensation of pain is attended by a diminution in the vital energy. There is surely sound reason in this. In fact, some of us probably know of persons whose lives have been shortened by grief and mere physical pain, even where that pain is not caused by disease. This being true, the converse must also be equally true, that people often have their lives lengthened by mere sensations of pleasure.

How simple and plain a duty it becomes, therefore, for each one of us to endeavor to lengthen both our own lives and those of our fellow-beings, by the kindly smile, the cheery word, the deed that shows true sympathy and friendliness, thus increasing the pleasure of the world and adding to its joy.

Our lives in this world are so intertwined, that every individual touches others at many points. Consciously, and, even more, unconsciously, we help others to a

brighter outlook upon life in its many and varied aspects, or else we make the world a duller one than it need be.

In the common acts of every day—in the home, on the street as we pass, in the store when making the most trivial purchase, in the workshop at the regular operations, in the office with its daily routine, in the friend's home when we pay a visit—how many are the opportunities for a bright word of hopeful, cheery salutation, how many a remark that may draw attention to the silvery lining, it may be, of a dark cloud, or to the sunshine lying all about our pathway—even if no better, a jest or witticism uttered in good humor, something that will put ourselves and others in touch with the brightest, the pleasantest things in life. So we can, as my friend suggested, help in no small degree to make the world wag along better, by doing the most ordinary things, even the most difficult or unpleasant duties, in the pleasantest way.

A Cure for Life's Ills

THE implied assumption in the title of this department is that there is a dark side of human life. Some people seem to see nothing else. The causes of that darkness are various. When one is suffering from some malady, such as chronic dyspepsia or persistent neuralgia, it is hard to feel merry. Nevertheless, "a merry heart is a good medicine." And a steady en-strength to the physical frame, a quickened sense of joy deavor to be cheerful has often resulted in an access of in living, an actual cure of some ailment that proceeded perhaps largely in the first place from a morose disposition.

The worries and troubles from business cares are the cause of much ill-health. It is trite, but true, that worry kills more people than work. The rush and competition is hard to keep up with in these days, without entailing an immense expenditure of nervous force. But that heavy drain need not be an absolutely devitalizing one. If business cares are locked in the office with the turn of the key as the man goes home, if he does not "talk shop" on the street, in the cars, by the evening lamp in his parlor, there is given the wearied mind a chance to recover its normal condition before the activities of the next day press upon it. And the observance of a Sabbath, a day of rest, is a natural law as much as a religious institution. One day in seven has been proved to be what man requires. If he thinks he can do without that, he only draws upon his capital; if he takes more frequent rest, he fails to perform his share of the world's work, and becomes a lazy drone in the hive.

The world is full enough of wickedness and evil to make the thought of it a burden. Some good people think they ought scarcely to dare to smile, because of all that might draw and does somewhere draw tears. But this, it would appear on more rational consideration, is a mistaken

view to take. The more brightness there is in the world, it follows of necessity the less gloom there will be. It is surely the duty, therefore, of each lover of humanity to seek to be a source of brightness and good cheer, and to let that light shine before men, that their way may be made more clear and luminous.

Modern civilization, with all its advantages, yet lacks one thing. It must go and sell all that it has and follow the Divine law of nature, live in accordance with the dictates of reason, seeking earnestly to maintain "men-tem sanam in corpore sano," the old Roman's ideal, the ideal of the Greek, the sanitary excellence of the Mosaic code. It must eschew vices and live a more moderate life, be content with less drive and rush and bustle. It will come to this. And the old saying will be realized (no disrespect to the noble body of physicians), "Joy, temperance and repose, slam the door in the doctor's nose."

And, recognizing this ideal, anxious then as we shall be to build up a new order of society, improving upon civilized conditions as they exist, and thus giving an example to the world of what life can be, such as we see it in animals and in young children, how much more there shall then be of that brightness that shall make it a joy to be alive. To that end, for society is but an aggregation of individuals, shall we not each one endeavor to live as far as possible this care-free, natural, healthful life, making our own little corner brighter?

Pleasure of Anticipation

THESE is considerable true philosophy in the doctrine that to increase one's happiness the better way is not to enlarge one's acquisitions, but to curtail one's desires. It is the principle which actuated the great apostle to the Gentiles when he wrote, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

James Buckham, in the *Interior*, writing of the joy of modest expectations, declares that the true secret of happiness and contentment in this world is, not to expect nothing, as some have bitterly claimed, but to expect only just enough to tally with a reasonable degree of realization in each individual case.

The pleasure of realization depends upon the degree and the kind of anticipation. If, indeed, we do not expect much, we cannot be disappointed if we do not receive much. While if we look for great things and get what may really be great, but chances to be less than we had hoped for, why, we are cast down. And such shocks of disappointment make up a great part of the heartaches and bitterness of life, and spoil much of possible human happiness.

The cause being found, the cure can be intelligently sought. And, fortunately, that cure is easy. Simply this, learn to curb your expectations. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his humorous poem on "Contentment," says: "I only ask that Fortune send a little more than I shall spend." But if Fortune send only a little more than I expect, have I not good ground for happiness and contentment? And perhaps that would be a little easier task for Fortune, to say nothing of its being easier for ourselves, or at any rate, easier on ourselves.

It would not be wise to adopt the motto of expecting nothing, however, for one of the surest sources of joy, as Mr. Buckham says, consists in being modestly expectant of what this earthly life has to offer. There is

abundant opportunity for leading a uniformly happy life, by making one's fond fancies tally with one's reasonable possibilities, and being as sensible and practical about the great concerns of life as about the minor affairs, and those which affect or concern us but little.

While there may be some difficulty, especially to the young, strong, sanguine spirit, in thus checking our flighty steeds of fancy yet the gain thereby to be obtained is more than worth the effort. The discipline is most wholesome and profitable, and will yield a large increase of happiness for the future. It is indeed one of the characteristics of a strong spirit, and generally of an able one, that it is willing and persistent in striving hard and long, even though the expectation of results may be but modest.

Let us, then, not refrain from building our castles in the air; but rather make them as beautiful as they may reasonably be expected to be, out of such materials as we are likely to have at hand in the years to be; and while we fling our rainbow arches over into the future, let us not think that they must land us on a palace balcony or in a garden of roses, for our particular arch may lead us into a good, large, fertile potato patch!

The Joy of Incompleteness

SOMETIMES the thought is uttered that it is only in perfection, completeness, that satisfaction is to be found, that there is no joy in a life which is full of broken lights, of shades and shadows, of ups and downs, perhaps more of downs than ups. Yet how mistaken that view appears when it is more narrowly examined. If there were no dull grays, no blacks, no browns and other less brilliant colors, where would be the joy in the hues of nature? We should soon grow inexpressibly tired of the gaudy, glaring reds and blues and yellows. And after all is it not by the very blending of these primary colors in various ways that the multitude of colors and shades are produced?

So it seems that it is the variety, the mixture of bright and dark, that makes pleasure for our senses in the physical world of color; so also in the world of human experiences, the real perfection and satisfaction appears to come rather from a tempering of joy with sorrow, of mirth with sadness, that causes the highest and best type of character, the most perfect blend of qualities in our human makeup.

There is use, therefore, for the dark days and for the rougher ways, both for our own enjoyment of the sunnier days and smoother paths by contrast and for our development in the opportunity they give of offering the torch of cheer and the helping hand to some one by our side. The Sunday Magazine has a few lines on this theme that may well be reproduced in this connection:

If our lives were one broad glare
Of sunlight, clear, unclouded;
If all our paths were smooth and fair,
By no soft gloom enshrouded;
If all life's flowers were fully blown
Without the sweet unfolding,
And happiness were rudely thrown
On hands too weak for holding;
Should we not miss the twilight hours,
The gentle haze and sadness;
Should we not long for storm and showers,
To teach the constant gladness?

If none were sick and none were sad,
What service could we render?
I think if we were always glad
We scarcely could be tender.
Did our beloved never need
Our tender ministrations,
Earth would grow cold, and miss indeed
Its sweetest consolation.
If sorrow never claimed our heart,
And every wish were granted,
Patience would die and hope depart,
Life would be disenchanting.

Masters of Fate

IN reading the famous and remarkable poem of the late English poet, William Ernest Henley, in which he boldly enunciates his creed of dogged resistance to fate, declaring his independence, one cannot but be struck with the tone of blind, hopeless fighting with chance, the awful gloom and darkness of despair in the view of this life as a place of sorrow, wrath and horror. Listen to these lines from him who has been called the "pagan poet" and feel their cold, stolid cynicism:

Out of the night that covers me—
Black as the pit from pole to pole—
I thank whatever gods may be
For my indomitable soul.

In the full clutch of Circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of Chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds—and shall find—me unafraid.

For still, however strait the gate,
How charged the punishments the scroll,
I am the Master of my Fate,
I am the Captain of my Soul!

What a blank is a creed that can say no better than this! Poor Henley seems to be in doubt whether there be any divine power; he realizes that he has an indomitable soul, yet the fact of its existence does not seem to convince him that that soul of his must have come from some higher Soul; nor does he learn that lesson from science or from human history.

There is a certain nobility about his defiance of chance and circumstance; but it is the nobility of Milton's Satan, who even while lying in the sea of fire hurls defiance at the Almighty, and declares "To reign is worth ambition, though in hell; better to reign in hell than serve in heaven." A nobility of ambition worthy of a better cause and better ideals.

Such a standpoint as that of Henley would not permit the view of this world, with all its sorrow and wrath and bitterness and gloom, that the sacred psalmist took when he said: "Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee, and the remainder of wrath Thou shalt restrain." No! for it is only "to the upright" in heart, the man who puts his trust in an Infinite Goodness, as the Quaker poet did, that "there ariseth light in the darkness." Whittier triumphantly sings:

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air—
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

Here is the faith that is reasonable; here the hope that is buoyant; here alone can be found the secret spring of love, love to God and love to man, love of nature, and truest love of self as a part of the all-wise Creator's workmanship. Surely this is the saner view of life and its meaning. This is what makes a man truly unafraid, and not merely stolid and defiant. It is that view that the great poet laureate held, whom many expected Henley would succeed to that honor. How clearly, calmly, confidently ring out Tennyson's words:

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as, moving, seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam;
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark;
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

For though from out this bourne of time and space
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I shall cross the bar.

Unorganized Charities

IN the present days of rush and drive there is a serious danger of our giving way to the temptation to think that we have not time to attend to the little minor duties of being attentive and thoughtful and kind. No greater mistake could be made than this. "Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

From the magazine, "The Young Woman," is taken the following short monologue on this theme: "I sometimes think we women, nowadays, are in danger of being too busy to be really useful," said an old lady, thoughtfully. "We hear so much about making every minute count, and always having some work or course of study for spare hours, and having our activities all systematized, that there is no place left for small wayside kindnesses. We go to see the sick neighbor, and relieve the poor neighbor, but for the common everyday neighbor, who has not fallen by the way, so far as we can see, we haven't a minute to spare. But not everybody who needs a cup of cold water is calling out the fact to the world, and there are a great many little pauses by the way that are no waste of time. The old-fashioned exchange of flowers over the back fence, and friendly chats about domestic matters, helped to brighten weary days, and brought more cheer than many a sermon. We ought not to be too busy to inquire for the girl away at school, or to be interested in the letter from the boy at sea. It is a comfort to the mother's lonely heart to feel that somebody else cares for that which means so much to her. Especially we ought not to be too busy to give and receive kindnesses in our own home. May no one be able to say of us that we are too busy to be kind."

With the organization of our "charities," let us not forget the unorganized charities, in the real sense of acts of love. It is all well, and no more than our duty, to

relieve the distresses of the sick and the needy, but we should remember also the "common, every-day neighbor," who is not sick, and does not apparently need anything we can offer; but who perhaps is longing for some word of sympathy from us, some little act which shall show a kindly friendly interest. It will help the next hour to move more lightly and happily, will perhaps drive away a seemingly causeless cloud from the sky of a neighbor's life, and act with a reflex happy influence upon ourselves.

Nor is this kind of usefulness beyond the reach of anyone; it does not demand time beyond what anyone can give; it requires no learning, nor wealth, nor position; it is something everyone can do. It is suited just as much to the present age, with all its "strenuousness," as to any other, just as much to the modern man and the "new woman" as to the man of a generation or two ago, or to the "old-fashioned" woman.

No clever, brilliant thinker she,
With college record and degree;
She has not known the paths of fame;
The world has never heard her name;
She walks on old, untrodden ways—
The valleys of the yesterdays.

Home is her kingdom; love her dower;
She seeks no other wand of power
To make home sweet, bring heaven near,
To win a smile and wipe a tear,
And do her duty day by day,
In her own quiet place and way.

Around her childish hearts are twined,
As round some reverent saint enshrined,
And following hers the childish feet
Are led to ideals true and sweet,
And find all purity and good
In her divinest motherhood.

She keeps her faith unshadowed still—
God rules the world in good and ill;
Men in her creed are brave and true,
And women pure as pearls of dew.
And life for her is high and grand,
By work and glad endeavor spanned.

This sad old earth's a brighter place
All for the sunshine of her face;
Her very smile a blessing throws,
And hearts are happier where she goes.
A gentle, clear-eyed messenger,
To whisper love—thank God for her!

Real Success

DIFFERENT persons seek success in different ways, and there are different views of what constitutes success, but every one is trying to succeed in life, one way or another. To many persons success means making much money. A man may be in business, making a fair, even a comfortable living for himself and his family; but unless he has a large bank deposit and is laying by hundreds and thousands of dollars does the world call him successful? Yet is not the comfortable tradesman just as successful really, as the wealthy merchant, in everything that pertains to true happiness, so far as business prosperity can bring happiness? And he has less anxiety and less chance of great loss to interfere with his enjoyment of what he does possess.

Then there is the workingman, as ordinarily that term is understood. Can he not be successful because the opportunity of becoming rich is seldom open to him? Surely, success is not restricted to the wealthy employer.

A school teacher rarely amasses great stores of money or its equivalent. He may teach all his life in a small country school. But this leads us to the consideration of other important criteria of success—the scope, the number of people affected, the professional standing. Is not the teacher of a small school possessed of far greater opportunities because of his coming so much closer to his pupils and affecting them more constantly and powerfully than his brother in the large city school? And granting equal faithfulness in the city professor and the country schoolmaster, who shall venture to say that the latter is one whit less successful than the former, even though he may perhaps from choice stay all his life in the rural district, even though his talents may never be discovered and brought to “the front”?

So with the country doctor. Human diseases are much the same in the country and the small town as in the

city. Modern appliances are almost as readily at the command of the doctor in the small town as in the metropolis. He can be kept busy all his time, he can gather his experience, can develop his skill, can become well known for his successful cures both in his professional circle, by his patients and their families and throughout the neighborhood, just as well in the small place as his possibly (?) more fortunate brother in the large city. Dare it be said that he is not successful simply because he does not make his bills so large, or have his waiting room so thronged?

And if a man may for some reason of circumstances, or family ties, or social acquaintances, or even simply because he prefers to live in the small place rather than in the noisy, bustling city, remain in what the world affects to call "obscurity," is he to be blamed for lack of ambition? Ambition is not necessarily a good thing; true success cannot be a bad thing. Ambition has often led to the direst failure. "By that sin fell the angels." What wonder that Wolsey uttered his notable warning, "I charge thee, Cromwell, fling away ambition."

The man who prefers to live a quiet life, doing his daily duty faithfully, is more truly successful and happy than he who aspires to reach the heights of fame and riches but fails to see that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

Success Is Not All

NOT every one is successful, either in the sense in which the world speaks of success, or in the truer sense, that of performing well one's part in life. A man may struggle on through life, and not do his work very well at all, though his efforts may be in the right direction. He cannot even in the sense of faithfulness perhaps be called successful. What is there of encouragement for him?

The poet of the Sierras, Joaquin Miller, has written some very strong lines full of appreciation and encouragement "for those who fail":

"All honor to him who shall win the prize,"
The world has cried for a thousand years;
But to him who tries and who fails and dies
I give great honor and glory and tears.
* * * * *

Oh, great is the hero who wins a name,
But greater many and many a time
Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame
And lets God finish the thought sublime.

And great is the man with a sword undrawn,
And good is the man who refrains from wine;
But the man who fails and yet still fights on,
Lo, he is the twin-born brother of mine.

The real thing to be considered of worth is not the prize, but the struggle. It is the striving that gives the strength which wins the prize. Schiller beautifully expresses this idea, when he makes Jove say to Hercules (the translation is by Bulwer Lytton):

'Twas not my nectar made thy strength divine,
But 'twas thy strength that made my nectar thine.

Even thus does the Almighty put it within man's power to win the prize as it were from Divinity itself, as when Jacob wrestled with the angel until the latter cried, "Let me go." Man is thus honored by being endowed with power that matches itself with Omnipotence. And in the exercise of that power lies the supreme exultation, even surpassing the elation over winning the prize. In the words of another poet:

His joy is not that he hath got the crown,
But that the power to win the crown was his.

And Pope says: "Honor and shame from no condition rise: Act well thy part, there all the honor lies."

The battle against besetting sins, against evil passions, against enslaving habits, as well as against untoward circumstances, may go sore against one; strength may fail many times and oft; the fortress may remain uncaptured; but keep up heart, fight on, struggle to your feet again when downed, nor tamely yield the day, but "Let the victors when they come Find thy body by the wall."

There are a few more lines I wish to quote here, because they so aptly body forth the truth that success, whether of the world's kind or of that which is the meed of the humble toiler apart from the world's applause and the reward of titles or pelf, is not the only honorable condition, but that even failure may command respect and sympathy and admiration, because of the struggle it involves. These lines are by a friend, whose modesty bade me not publish his name:

No careful conning of recorded history,
No shrewd conjecture and no subtle guess
Has e'er unsealed the meaning and the mystery
Of those twin Fates called Failure and Success.

Forever rises the perplexing problem
To him whose pathway these two Fates attend,
Which is the one and which the other of them,
Which is his enemy and which his friend.

The wise soul does not wage its hope eternal
On either fortune, but with will sublime
Moves starward steadfastly to some goal supernal
Beyond the mists and mysteries of time.

The Constant Man

THERE is honor given to the successful man, and there is credit to the one who tries but fails and yet tries again. But there is another man who deserves high praise also, the one, namely, who fixes his eye on a certain goal, and steadfastly pursues his way toward that mark, regardless alike of success or failure. Such a man is not over-elated when he succeeds, his head is not turned, he does not step aside to enjoy the fruits of conquest; nor, on the other hand, when disaster overtakes him and the way seems hedged up, does he sit down and wring his hands in despair, or tamely yield to circumstances, but makes the obstacles stepping-stones, and climbs over them to higher ground.

This is the man who goes steadily onward, undaunted by untoward fate, and unseduced by fortune's allurements. He is the type of constancy. He forms his purpose to attain the end before him, the ideal that he seeks, and then follows the path that leads to that goal, unswerving, unaffected by the heights he has to climb, by the pitfalls that lie about his feet—but are not for such as he—undaunted by the troubles or the opposing forces that he encounters. He gains strength by every contest, wisdom from every experience, and goes forward undismayed, day by day nearing the heights he would attain—though, if he be a true man, never reaching his ideal. (Pity the man who does!)

How may one attain to this high serenity, this calm imperturbable constancy of purpose, this tenacity and patience of accomplishment? There is no royal road, only the old path of training, or patient plodding, of earnest endeavor and fixed determination. No man can fix the fate that will come to him; every man may fix the spirit and temper of mind in which he shall encounter whatever fate befall him. As Priscilla Leonard in the *Outlook* recently writes:

No man can choose what coming hours may bring
To him of need, of joy, of suffering;
But what his soul shall bring unto each hour
To meet its challenge—this is in his power.

The world respects a man who thus pursues his aim steadily, regarding neither success nor failure, going on from one duty to the next, from one day's achievement, however slight or however great, to the tasks of the next morning. Honor to him, the steady-going man! the man of constant spirit, of fixity of purpose, of earnestness unwavering! Such as he are needed in this world, where there is too much of impetuosity, of fickleness, of going "by fits and starts." Like the constant dropping that wears away the stone, it is the constant man who accomplishes the great works of the world, the enduring structures of men's hands and men's minds. His example is not exciting, but better, it is encouraging, it helps to achieve undertakings, it serves a useful end, and conduces to make life better.

I do not know the author of the following lines, which have been handed to me, but they express very aptly the thought of part of this article:

The Inevitable

I like the man who faces what he must,
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer;
Who fights the daily battle without fear;
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God; that somehow, true and just,
His plans work out for mortals. Not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
Falls from his grasp. Better with love a crust
Than living in dishonor; envies not,
Nor loses faith in man, but does his best,
Nor ever murmurs at his humbler lot,
But with a smile and words of hope gives zest
To every toiler. He alone is great
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

Duty of Health

IT is a commonplace to say that a man has a duty of being well, because happiness and the best service of life is not possible otherwise. I was reading a few days ago an editorial in an eastern weekly which suggested this line of thought. It is a fact to which we must submit, that a man's mental and spiritual state is strongly colored by his physical condition. This fact is thus put by Sydney Smith in his own inimitable fashion:

"Happiness is not impossible without health, but it is of only difficult attainment. I do not mean by health merely an absence of dangerous complaints, but that the body should be in perfect tune, full of vigor and alacrity. The longer I live the more I am convinced that the apothecary is of more importance than Seneca, and that half the unhappiness of the world proceeds from little stoppages, from a duct choked up, from food pressing in the wrong place, from a vexed duodenum, or an agitated pylorus. The deception, as practiced upon human creatures, is curious and entertaining. My friend sups late, he eats some strong soup, then a lobster, then some tart, and he dilutes these excellent varieties with wine. The next day I call upon him. He is going to sell his house in London and retire into the country. He is alarmed for his eldest daughter's health. His expenses are heavily increasing and nothing but a timely retreat can save him from ruin. All this is lobster, and when over-excited nature has had time to manage this testaceous encumbrance, the daughter recovers, the finances are in good order and every rural idea excluded from his mind. In the same manner old friendships are destroyed by toasted cheese, and hard salted meat has led to suicide."

The witty canon here seeks to emphasize the fact that an unhealthy condition of body, however caused,

produces a disastrous effect upon the mind and the whole spirit, rendering impossible for the time being the highest living on any plane.

Fortunately, however, for humanity, good health is possible for the great majority of men and women, if they will but follow certain simple and easily applied rules, which will even in the case of those suffering from serious physical affliction make some degree of health and happiness possible. These rules are not new, but they need and bear emphasizing. They are:

First, preserve a bright, cheerful, hopeful outlook upon the world of men and things. There is no tonic in the world, both for yourself and those about you, like a cheerful spirit.

Second, live as naturally as you can by eating wholesome food and living much in the open air. Happily, he is very peculiarly situated who cannot get plenty of God's sunshine, fresh air, pure water and plain, good food, and take the exercise of walking—one of the best.

Third, avoid nostrums, avoid them as you would the devil, for the devil of disease and ruin is in most of them. Of course there are some exceptions. Some patent medicines are good and useful, but in general, according to the authority of the whole medical profession and the testimony of common sense, they are the prolific cause of much misery and ill health. These three rules are not hard to keep, and certainly they will help a man to be healthful and happy, and to add to the happiness and usefulness of others also and thus discharge a duty he owes to himself, his family, the community and the God who made him.

Seeds By The Wayside

ONE of the most beautiful little gems of poetic thought along the line of helpfulness in the seemingly trivial affairs along the pathway of everyday life, is this by D. G. Bickers, printed in "The Lifeboat," an illustrated monthly journal devoted, according to the title page, to "charitable, philanthropic, health and soul-saving work," and published in Chicago. It is entitled "Little Kindnesses":

You gave on the way a pleasant smile,
And thought no more about it;
It cheered a life that was sad the while,
That might have been wrecked without it.
And so for the smile and fruitage fair
You'll reap a crown some time—somewhere.

You spoke one day a cheering word,
And passed to other duties;
It warmed a heart, new promise stirred,
And painted a life with beauties.
And so for the word and its silent prayer
You'll reap a palm some time—somewhere.

You lent a hand to a fallen one,
A life in kindness given;
It saved a soul when help was none,
And won a heart for heaven;
And so for the help you proffered there
You'll reap a joy some time—somewhere.

It is such seeds scattered by the wayside that often spring up to bear fruit of happy memories in after days, and often, too, bring returns of kind deeds. It is only such things which one can really call one's own acquisitions—for wealth and property can be held only for a few years at longest and then must be left behind. But one's own character, developed by such training to deeds of sympathy and human kindness to one's fellow toilers, remains with its possessor even beyond the bounds of this life. As expressed in a sentence from the conclusion of a eulogy on Peter Cooper, "All you can hold in your cold, dead hand is what you have given away."

The development of a disposition and character of helpfulness is not a matter of accident. It requires a fixed and steady purpose to see and seize opportunities.

Like everything else worth accomplishing it demands constant application. Samuel Smiles, in his great book on "Self Help," says: "Accident does very little toward the production of any great result in life. Though sometimes what is called 'a happy hit' may be made by a bold venture, the common highway of steady industry and application is the only safe road to travel." And it is the only road that leads to the rounding out of a beautiful character that shall be made a source of helpfulness to those around. One must keep the eyes open for the chances of the kindly deed, the encouraging word, the appreciative look, which will bring an extra ray of sunshine into the heart of the friend or the stranger, and thus tend to make the world a little better for one's having lived in it.

Life's Loom

OUR life is made up of days and the deeds we put into them. The days are the warp and the deeds the woof of life. Another web has been woven by the swiftly passing shuttles of time, and we look back upon the completed year. In and out have the threads of action been flying through the days, alternating between sunshine and shadow. Well for us if the Master of all good workmen has been able to look with approval upon our endeavor. Not upon our achievement, for the best endeavor all too often falls far short of accomplishment. But the will to do and the effort to be the best we can is what is regarded.

It may be that our own estimate of our actions is far from correct. On the one hand, it may have been too roseate and self-congratulatory. Or on the other, possibly we have been unduly cast down and filled with self-reproach. We may have "builded better than we knew." The true state of our conduct is not always apparent to our own eyes.

In a discourse quoted in the Sunshine Bulletin Rev. Donald Sage Mackay, D. D., of New York, refers to the familiar lines entitled "The English Tapestry Weavers," written by an American after visiting their factories in England.

In these works, as is known to those who have seen or read about them, the pattern hangs overhead, above the weaver, while he himself works always on the wrong side of the web, never seeing the worked-out pattern until the piece is finished.

Let us learn a New Year's lesson (no better lesson can be)
From the ways of the tapestry weavers on the other side of
the sea.

Above their head the pattern hangs, they study it with care,
And as to and fro the shuttle leaps, their eyes are fastened
there.

They tell this curious thing, besides, of the patient, plodding
weaver.

He works on the wrong side evermore, but works for the right
side ever.

It is only when the weaving stops, and the web is loosed and turned,
That he sees his real handiwork, and his marvelous skill is learned.

The years of men are the looms of God, let down from the place of the sun,
Where one and all are weaving till the mystic web is done.

Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each for himself his fate,
We may not see how the right side looks; we can only weave and wait.

But looking above for the pattern, no weaver hath need to fear;
Only let him look clear into heaven, the perfect pattern is there.

If he keeps the face of the Savior forever and always in sight,
His toil shall be rich with blessing, and his weaving is sure to be right.

And when his task is ended, and the web is turned and shown,
He shall hear the voice of the Master exclaiming to him, "Well done."

Life, we are told, is sacred because it is the arena in which character is developed. "We are placed here to work out a personal character which shall endure the shock of ages." Accepting this, we see our lives become a part of a great plan, "the unfolding of a purpose whose motive is love and whose thought is immortal." The trials, the defeats, the disappointments, the temptations, the sorrows, no less than the joys, the satisfactions, the pleasures, the triumphs, have been merely the tools placed in our hands "to chisel out the finer lines of a deathless character."

The past may have contained many things that seemed dark and mysterious to us, even after months, it may be, have rolled by. Nevertheless, at the last, our life will have amounted to something when out of every trial and every sorrow we emerge with purer, stronger, truer characters. Then we shall see, when the web is turned, that every dark thread had its place in the infinite plan, and the right side will be bright. May we ever work for that side, watching the pattern and copying it as nearly as may be.

Happiness of Age

ONE of the best views of life, because at the same time one of the sanest and most cheering, is that which regards the future with the expectation of ever-increasing happiness. It is commonly thought that youth is the happiest time of life, because it is more care-free than maturer years. But this does not stand the test of scrutiny when we look at the facts of the case from the point of view of the person who has endeavored to make the best use of life.

In fact, there are many reasons why age should be happier than youth. If the question is asked, why this is so, I cannot do better than quote just here the words of some one, whose identity I do not know, but whose answer to the question I read in a recent issue of a religious journal of this State:

"Perhaps you will say that it is not. I well know that it is customary to consider the irresponsible years of childhood to be the sunniest part of life. But truly, having passed the half-century limit, I would no sooner go back to that charming period than would the college senior like to be put back into the freshman class. Though my childhood and youth were very happy ones, and often it is pleasant to review my delightful past in memory, still I think mature years are richer and fuller of peace and pleasure in living than immature ones can possibly be. For one thing we have learned how to live; have, in a measure, disciplined ourselves to bear the disappointments, bereavements, trials, which must come to all; have learned that these things must needs be. We see others worse off than ourselves, and feel obliged to stifle our griefs from respect to their 'heavier woe.' We learn to weigh circumstances and to know better what is good for us, to live one day at a time; to know where our place in the world is; what our work is; and that to do our best right where we are is all that God requires of

us. We can see how even our mistakes have done us good. A thousand matters of interest claim our attention which in youth possessed no attraction. Having seen the growth of scores of babes, through childhood and youth into manhood and womanhood, we gain a prophetic insight which enhances the study of human nature a hundredfold.

"Then we know our time is growing short, and whose home seemeth not dearer in the prospect of soon leaving it even for a better?"

Such an attitude toward advancing age ought to make the aging feel content and pleased with their condition, and it ought to make those of us who are young look without dread at the thought of growing old. The possibility of growing old beautifully and gracefully, the example of those who have done so, perhaps in our own homes, should stimulate us to live with regard to the future, so that when the hair is whitening and the physical powers are gradually lessening we may have the companionship of pleasant memories, of days and years well spent, of wisdom gained through experience not full of bitterness, and of a consciousness of growth into a better and deeper understanding of life and its various problems.

This view seems to be the most reasonable one. And it certainly is full of comfort for the old, and of encouragement for the middle-aged and young.

Growing Old Beautifully

YOU haven't changed a bit!" How often the words are said by one friend to another. What is the secret of it? One woman, to whom such a greeting was given by one who had not seen her for years, and who appeared to half wonder and half envy at the perennial freshness of youth in her friend's countenance, saying she looked as young as ten years before, replied, "Young?" as if reflecting upon the word for the first time, "Bless you! I haven't had time to grow old; I have been too busy even to think about it." There is the recipe; abundance to do, to keep one profitably busy, yet without worry. In the case of the woman mentioned her heart and hands had been full; all the comfort and brightness that came into the sick room of an invalid was due to her; a sister's orphan children had been left to her care, and with the task of managing her limited income so as to provide for all, her ingenuity had been taxed. Her heart had retained its warmth and interest in life because of her having mothered the flock. Such a life of busy helpfulness may add years, but they bring few of the signs of age, so long as the burdens are cheerfully, uncomplainingly borne. Old age may be and ought to be the happiest time of life; and if the happiest, why should not the greeting "You look as young as you did when I saw you last, ten years ago" be a frequent salutation?

Another secret of growing old beautifully is to so live as to keep health. Yes, it is possible in most cases, to retain one's health and vigor. "How can we do that?" do you ask. Let me quote a few directions from the *Journal and Messenger*:

"Don't worry. Don't hurry. 'Too swift arrived as tardy as too slow.' 'Simplify! simplify! simplify your diet! Don't overeat. Don't starve.' 'Let your moderation be known unto all men.' Court the fresh air day

and night. 'Oh, if you knew what was in the air!' Sleep and rest abundantly. Spend less nervous energy each day than you make. Be cheerful. 'A light heart lives long.' Think only healthful thoughts. 'As he thinketh in his heart, so is he.' 'Seek peace, and pursue it.' 'Work like a man, but don't be worked to death. Avoid passion and excitement: a moment's anger may be fatal.' Associate with healthy people: health is contagious as well as disease. 'Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders, far less the universe; trust the Eternal.' Never despair, 'Lost hope is a fatal disease.' 'If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.'"

These suggestions are surely within the compass of every one to carry out. It seems to me that little needs to be added to these rules for daily simple living, to secure physical vigor that will endure the long years through. Do we not see examples of the very carrying out of these principles of conduct. Have you ever noticed a healthy, happy old man or woman who was not placid, even-tempered, self-controlled and moderate in habits and contented in disposition? A good example to copy, surely.

Usefulness Of The Old

NO AGE is without its temptations, which would draw one off from making the most of one's opportunities. The youth is disposed to impulsiveness and rashness, and perhaps also sometimes (though not so likely nowadays) to think that he cannot accomplish much, that the world's work is for older men. The middle-aged is disposed to be engrossed so deeply in the affairs of business that he forgets to cultivate the graces of life. While the aged person is in danger of yielding to one great temptation—to think that his days of usefulness are past.

It is to the latter class that these lines are especially addressed, though there may chance to be something in them that may stimulate a thought in the minds of the younger.

It is a great mistake for the old to feel that they are in the way, and would be better out of the world. If the Lord thought so doubtless he would find some way to remove them when their usefulness had ceased.

What makes any one useful? Surely it is not strength and vigor to labor. Else a baby would be a most useless creature, but who will say it is? Does it not twine its little individuality around the hearts of all in the family, and by the cords of common love bind together the members of the household, often causing the father to "straighten up," perhaps uniting the once estranged husband and wife, and bringing brightness and peace into a home cursed by strife and variance?

Usefulness is not dependent upon health. Else there would be many an invalid who would be cumbering the earth, but who now is blessing it by calm patience and quiet ministrations to those around. The strong and well could not have access to the heart perhaps as surely as those who are in some sense dependent on account of less abundant vigor.

In these days when so much is said, and well said, of the value of the young men and the young women to society, it is well to recognize the value of the old men and women in steadying society, in giving opportunity to younger persons to cultivate the graces of respect, gentleness and consideration, and in affording the rich results of the accumulated wisdom of experience.

Then, too, the aged themselves have a right to feel that they are in that period of life when its richest fruit may be plucked by them. The autumnal days of harvest afford opportunity for gathering the mature thoughts and safest judgments as to the characters and actions of people, the wisest deductions from experience as to the really great things of life, the things most worth while and most deserving of attention and effort. And the aged can give the benefit of these experiences and thoughts to those who are less advanced in years, less matured in judgment. This affords delight to the giver and wise counsel to the recipient.

No, the old are not in the way on account of their age; many a so-called middle-aged man and woman, even here and there a young one, too, is more in the way, more of a "fossil," than the average old person. Let not the old think they are useless, or the young make them feel so. "All are needed by each one."

A Good Rule

THERE is so much in almost anyone's experience that is pleasant and ought to make one happy that it would seem very hard to find oneself in any position where the bright spots do not far outnumber the dark ones. In other words, "there is nothing so bad that it might not be worse," and in every situation there is more to be thankful for than to grieve over, if we only look in the right direction and see what benefits encompass our pathway. The following lines by D. L. Johnson, handed to me the other day, put this thought into suitable form, so I gladly quote them:

You live and have your daily bread.

Just be thankful.

Great blessings fall upon your head.

Just be thankful.

God smiles upon you day by day,

He guards you whereso'er you stray,

He loves to listen when you pray.

Just be thankful.

If things ain't cooked the way you wish.

Just be thankful.

Don't growl and say you'll break the dish.

Just be thankful.

This life, you know, is more than meat;

Be glad for what you have to eat.

Don't scold, but keep your temper sweet.

Just be thankful.

When business gets a little slack,

Just be thankful.

When things seem running off the track,

Just be thankful.

It won't help things to mope and cry;

No strength's extracted from a sigh,

Keep your eye clear, your courage high.

Just be thankful.

When sorrow breaks your peace of mind,

Just be thankful.

Remember God is good and kind.

Just be thankful.

He'll fill your mind with sweetest peace;

Your happiness He will increase,

His love for you shall never cease.

Just be thankful.

God still holds all things in His hands.
Just be thankful.
His word as firm, as ever staunch.
Just be thankful.
He watches o'er His people still.
Their mouths with good things He doth fill.
Forsake His own He never will.
Just be thankful.

There is good philosophy here, and if we can adopt it as our rule of conduct we shall find life's wheels run more smoothly by far than if we go about fretting and fuming over everything that goes wrong. Life is too short to waste it thus, and as the saying goes, "It will be all the same a hundred years hence," yes, one year hence (or one day hence, as I read a few days ago), most of the things that trouble us will be "all the same" as if they had been just to our liking. So why not just cast care and worry to the winds and face the happenings of every day with an unruffled brow, looking rather at the comforts we enjoy and the good things that fill our days than at the rough stones and the sharp thorns that occasionally thrust themselves before us in our pathway, and "just be thankful."

Power of Song

THE cheerful spirit will cause its owner to do things that will and must brighten the day for others whom he is unaware of helping. The Youth's Companion tells of a striking instance of this that happened in San Francisco.

Thirty men, red-eyed and disheveled, were standing in line before the Judge in the Police Court—the regular morning squad of drunks and disorderlies up for sentence. Some of the men were old in years and in crime, others hung their heads in shame because it was their first appearance there. As the prisoners were about to be dealt with one by one by the Judge a strange thing happened. There came up from below the strains of a song, sung by a strong, clear voice:

Last night I lay a-sleeping,
There came a dream so fair.

Last night! What a shock! It had been for most of them a time of carousal, a drunken stupor or a nightmare. But they heard the song go on:

I stood in Old Jerusalem,
Beside the temple there.

The Judge had delayed to open the court. He made inquiry, and found that a former member of a famous opera company, who was known all over the country, was in the jail below, awaiting trial for forgery.

The song went on. Every man in the line manifested emotion. One or two dropped on their knees. A boy at the end leaned his head against the wall, and after trying vainly to keep control of himself burst into sobs and tears, crying out "Oh, mother, mother!"

His sobs went to the heart even of the hardest of the men. But one began to protest: "Judge," said he, "how long have we got to stand this? We're up here for sentence, but this—" He, too, broke down.

The Judge could not proceed with the business of

the court, yet he gave no order to stop the singing of the beautiful song. It went on to its grand climax:

Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Sing for the night is o'er;
Hosanna in the highest! Hosanna for evermore!

In the silence that succeeded the ecstasy of melody the Judge looked into the faces of the men before him. Not one but showed that he was deeply touched, that his better impulses had been stirred. There was no individual calling of cases that morning. Instead, the Judge gave the men all together a kindly word of advice, and dismissed them. The song had accomplished more than punishment would have done.

That forger probably had little thought that anyone would notice his singing, perhaps he cared still less. He sang no doubt to cheer his own loneliness, perhaps to take his thought off the trouble into which he had brought himself by his crime. But what a power song possesses, when even in such circumstances it could have such a subduing and melting effect.

How much easier it is to work briskly when whistling a merry tune. How our steps and our every movement will keep pace to an inspiring song. But deeper than this lies the emotional, if one might so call it the spiritual effect—the toning of one's spirits, the raising of the drooping head, the invigorating of the flagging activity, when a noble song bursts upon the ear, or when a gentle, soothing refrain steals into the consciousness. Religion has stirred all the best that is within human nature by song. Well is music called the "divine art," since it appeals to that which is divine in us. All the noblest and most hopeful and most practically helpful of the various creeds to which man subscribes, have their hymns. From the earliest ages it has been this. Helpfulness to self and to others then endorses the exhortation, "Sing on."

Filling One's Niche

THERE is a poem written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, entitled "Why and Wherefore," which sets forth a wise plan of action, whether we feel that we know much of our origin and destiny or not. Apart from such subjects as perplex and confuse, there are plenty of things to engage our attention profitably, and on these it will pay us to ponder. The gifted authoress thus writes:

I know not whence I came,
I know not whither I go,
But the fact stands clear
That I am here
In this world of pleasure and woe,
And out of the mist and murk
Another truth shines plain—
It is in my power
Each day and hour
To add to its joy or its pain.

I know that the earth exists,
It is none of my business why,
I cannot find out
What it's all about—
I would but waste time to try.
My life is a brief, brief thing,
I am here for a little space,
And while I stay
I would like, if I may,
To brighten and better the place.

The trouble, I think, with us all
Is the lack of a high conceit;
If each man thought
He was sent to the spot
To make it a bit more sweet.
How soon we could gladden the world,
How easily right all wrong,
If nobody shirked
And each one worked
To help his fellows along.

Cease wondering why you came.
Stop looking for faults and flaws;
Rise up to-day
In your pride and say:
"I am part of the first great cause.
However full the world,
There is room for an earnest man;
It had need of me
Or I would not be—
I am here to strengthen the plan."

If we realize that we should not be in this world unless there were room and a function for each one of us we must recognize that it is our duty as it is also our high privilege "to strengthen the plan."

How can we puny creatures of a day strengthen the plan that concerns the world of ages? Well, "if nobody shirked and each one worked" in his own little corner, don't you suppose there would be a great difference in the world? And if so, then to the proportionate degree will the world be helped and brightened if you as an individual do what you can, and if I do what I can that will be a little more, and so on. You are not responsible for doing my share as well as your own, nor am I to be held accountable for what you could do, besides what I can, but each of us must answer for what we as individuals can and may do.

There is danger of our having too high a conceit, to be sure, of ourselves and our achievements; but there is also danger, as Mrs. Wilcox says, of "the lack of a high conceit." There is danger lest we forget our power as individuals, and therefore our responsibility and duty.

Our sphere is wherever we happen to be for the time being. Our mission is to make that spot "a bit more sweet," and this perhaps ought to be our chief worldly duty and concern. If along with the daily discharge of this duty and privilege we may speculate upon our origin, our destiny and our essential nature, so much the better; it will help us to high aims if we raise our eyes to high destiny, and realize the essence of divine grandeur that lies in human life and character. But it is well if we remember the possibilities and opportunities of helpfulness and cheer that lie about our feet—if we "do the next thing."

Don't See The Blots

A PRETTY and pathetic story is told, with suitable application, by a Nashville paper, to the following effect: A father, on coming home one evening tired and somewhat dispirited, was approached by his little daughter with her copy book, which she had just finished writing. It being her first, her young face was reddened with a beautiful and honest flush, as she was sure of receiving some word of praise and cheer for her hard attempt. The pages were indeed neatly written, and her father told her how well pleased he was to see how careful she had been. Presently coming to one page which had two small blots, the little girl laid her little hand upon them, and artlessly looking up into her father's face said: "Papa, don't see the blots!" Of course he did not, but bent down and planted a kiss on the little forehead, and felt thankful for the lesson he had learned. He thus expressed his reflections:

"How precious it would be if, amid all the nameless strifes and discords which so fret and chafe us, we would just lay the finger on the sullied page of human lives and not 'see the blots.' When littlenesses and meanesses and petty oppositions annoy and vex us, if we could only look away from these to some brighter pages!"

In our own case we are thankful and relieved when some one whose right it is to inspect our work kindly overlooks the blots. So in our dealings with others we should remember what has caused us to be glad, and turn away our eyes from those little imperfections that have come into the best-intentioned work. How much happier the day is when that is the guiding and governing principle in our relations with our fellow men. So our aim to give and get happiness may be the nearer attained by the judicious looking away from the blots.

In fact, the disposition to look at the blots is one which is sure to spoil life for ourselves and for others.

Paying much attention to what is defective one comes to see little else, as it is said of those men whose business it is to examine the coins as they are struck off in the mint to detect flaws—they come to be able to see imperfections where no one else could perceive them. So the fault-finder fails to get pleasure from anything because he sees the blots.

But human nature is bound to be faulty and imperfect. The motive may be the purest, the intention all right and good, but the act nevertheless may have some aspect that another person looking on may find fault with and condemn. A charitableness in judgment is always wise; it is well to steady oneself before pronouncing adversely on any fellow being, for fear that the surface appearance may not truly express the real significance of the action. There will be some blots here and there on the otherwise fair copy book of life. It is the part of a kind and wise spirit to pass the hand over the blots and see rather what is worthy of commendation.

Folly of Fretting

AN Eastern exchange tells a story of how a house-keeper had been able to overcome the habit of fretting over little accidents and worries. Perhaps more real evil comes from worrying over small troubles than befalls one in the way of great disasters. It is helpful, therefore, to strive to impress upon ourselves the folly and wrong of fret by recalling the example of those who have actually conquered it.

While the woman in question was talking with a visitor, the young servant appeared with a broken dish and a tearful explanation that it "slipped right out of her hands." The lady had heard the crash, but had sat unmoved, and continued conversing quietly with her friend, much to the amazement of the latter, who expected to see her run out to the kitchen to find out what was the matter. Nor did she chide the girl, but rather sought to comfort her. To the friend's wondering questions, she explained the course of training by which she had learned not to worry over things she couldn't help. The piece was the largest of a fine dinner set given her by her dear old Aunt Rachael, and she did not expect to match it, nor could she afford to buy a new set of dishes every day, and it was that same aunt who had when she was much younger and was very much given to fretting over small annoyances cured her by a vigorous administration of the good old advice that we may all hear or read any day of our life.

"Don't fret; it is thankless, rebellious, and utterly useless, never does a bit of good, and always does harm." She had heard this counsel but had not acted on it. Shortly after marriage, having got past the time when almost all young people are usually happy and pleased over everything, her habit of worrying over trifles began to blot here and there the home life, and any petty mishap caused her deep trouble. But when real trouble at

last came, in the serious sickness of their baby, followed as soon as the little one recovered by a long illness of her own, she began to put into practice the good resolution formed when in the deep valley of trouble, that she would not again allow herself to be moved by small troubles. The sight of the parlor carpet moth-eaten at the edges, as it had become during her illness, broke down her resolution, but in the midst of it came her old aunt. With her quiet, peaceful words she brought back the younger woman to a state of calm, and to the remarks that the knowledge that those bad places were there, even if they did not show much, would take away her peace of mind, the old lady replied: "Thy peace of mind is worth little to thee or to any one else if it can be so easily broken. Ruth Morrison, thee is starting out in life; beware that thy disposition to fret about small things does not prove a curse. Every thought of discontent about matters beyond thy control is not only a sin against God, but a sin against thy own soul." And reminded her that every fretful thought wasted on small accidents is only so much added to their burden. It only made the matter worse to vex her soul over a mishap.

Life's burdens are surely heavy enough without any addition of worry. If we persistently refrain from fretting over small things, we have all the more strength of patience and fortitude to bear the really great troubles. If we do not let little things disturb our equanimity, we shall be the less moved by the real misfortunes.

True Politeness

THERE is little that is more effective in brightening the world of humanity than politeness in social intercourse. Lord Chesterfield, who is commonly considered as having been one of the most polished of men, defined true politeness as perfect ease and freedom, and as simply consisting in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself. It is in other words the application in daily life of that rule of conduct which is truly called golden. Someone has compared it to an air cushion: "There may be nothing in it, but it eases our jolts wonderfully." And yet there is no real antagonism between politeness and sincerity, for in its proper understanding politeness is "the graceful expression of respect, kind feeling and good will." J. T. Fields says of it:

How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,
Is that fine sense which men call courtesy!
Wholesome as air and genial as the light,
Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers—
It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,
And gives its owner passport round the globe.

There is a great deal in the way a thing is done. There is mention made somewhere of one who

Kicked them down stairs with such very fine grace,
They thought he was handing them up.

A kindly answer, even though it be a denial, is often more agreeable than a rude acquiescence, or a careless granting of a request. Lord Chesterfield told his son, "It is better to return a dropped fan genteelly than to give a thousand pounds awkwardly; you had better refuse a favor gracefully than grant it clumsily. All your Greek can never advance you from secretary to envoy, or from envoy to ambassador, but your address, your air, your manner, if good, may."

Seeing, then, that this quality has been so highly esteemed by many of those most competent to judge of the necessary qualities of social ease and good breeding, it becomes of great importance that we cultivate it, to

the end that we may make those about us feel at ease, and may move in an atmosphere of kindliness, gentleness and happiness.

"But," says some one, "it is surely not necessary to be on one's best behavior at all times, one does not need to wear company manners at home or in the office, the factory, the store, with those with whom one is in constant association; is that not in danger of becoming affectation?" Listen to what the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table has to say on this point:

"Don't flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person the more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity, which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his enemies; they are ready enough to tell him. Good breeding never forgets that amour-propre is universal."

The Golden Age

“OUR golden age lies before us, and not behind.” This was the cheerful motto of one who early began the practice of that bright philosophy of life, and through long years pursued his course evenly and with marked distinction to a position high in the esteem of his fellow men, and eminent in the educational world. I refer to the late Sir Daniel Wilson, whose researches in history and in the study of prehistoric man, and almost equally his devotion to art, especially architecture, have made his name justly celebrated not only in his native Scotland, but also on this side of the Atlantic.

This old man, with a lifetime of achievement behind him, and in full appreciation of the value of those histories of the “brave days of old,” into which he loved so well to delve, yet gave me once as the best thought he could instil into a young man’s mind, the little gem quoted at the beginning of this article, “Our golden age lies before us, and not behind.” If that be true—and who can successfully dispute it?—why should our faces not be bright as the morning, since we face a more glorious dawn than any we have yet seen? Why should we lament the decadence of manners and men, the decline of society from the standards of the past? Is not the world progressing?

When the tide is coming in, we look upon a wave as it rolls toward the shore; we watch it swell steadily, curl, break, splash upon the beach, and then—it falls suddenly down and back! Is the sea receding? The next wave breaks a little farther up. Possibly the third is one of those larger swells that every few minutes come rolling in; it dashes far up against the rocks; so that the next does not come quite so far. But is the tide yet turning back? No, we know that it is certainly rising. So with human affairs. In small intervals there may seem to be little progress, there may even be observable some slight retrograde movement, but in the great periods of time

humanity's tide of morality and of happiness has been ever advancing. And there will be no ebb.

"What," says one, "do you mean to declare that all the cruel wars and oppressions that are going on in the world today mark an improvement over the days of the past?" Perhaps not in individual cases and in small periods. But the best answer I can give to this query is in the words of a stanza by Rev. Leighton Williams in *Christian Work*, which I read reprinted in the *Boston Budget* a short while ago:

Slowly the thought of kindness grows
In this old world of ours;
Slowly the daylight grows
Out of the dark hours.
Yet surely the gentle light
Shall conquer the realm of night;
As surely the reign of love shall sweep
Over the turmoil of hatred and might.

If we believe this—and why should we not?—it ought to make our outlook on life more hopeful. It should enable us to look forward with greater confidence to a golden age that lies ahead, to the conquest of darkness and its powers by the gentle light of love, whose reign shall terminate the turmoil of hate and of might, ushering in that day foreseen by the late English laureate, "The federation of the world," and by Scotland's bard,

"When man to man, the whole world o'er,
Shall brithers be, for a' that."

And this brighter prospect ahead for the great world at large ought to help us each for himself or herself, to expect and to hasten a better day in our own little world within our own homes, and our own selves.

Blessing of Toil

IN this world there is nothing of much worth that is not the product of labor, of hard toil. The realization of this truth ought to make us the more content with our lot if it is a toilsome one, and the more free to admire the toiler in whatever line of effort so long as his work be honest and honorable.

The appreciation of the meaning of work is something that aids greatly in the enjoyment of life. Look at the picture George Eliot draws of Adam Bede, the strong, hearty workman, whose toil was his delight. What a happy man he was as he did his daily duty in his shop. So may each one be who can stand "A Test" spoken of by Frank Walcott Hutt in a poem of that name, which reads thus:

How much do you care, my earnest lad—
How much do you really care
For the honored place that is worth the race,
As those that have won declare?
For the gold of life in the vales of strife,
For hills of the larger view,
Do you care enough that the smooth or rough
Hold ever their charms for you?
How much do you care, my boy—enough
To master the little fears?
Do you dare cry halt to the heedless fault
That seeks to despoil the years?
Then you'll lay aside, with a soldier's pride,
The lure of the laggard's dream;
For, both East and West, it is toil that's best,
As hard as the way may seem.

It is true that the laggard's dream is a lure that would draw off the attention of man from his warfare with the faults that would seek to despoil the years. Would a man gain the victory over the forces that would pull him down and hinder him in his aspirations after great achievements he must never give heed to the seductive visions of a life of "dolce far niente," for there all achievements would cease; all aspirations die away.

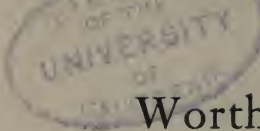
Nor indeed would such a life of idleness be a pleasurable one. We all feel happier when we are active. Noth-

ing is more irksome to the person of average, normal constitution than the enforced inactivity occasioned, for example, by illness. The one who is content with a lazy life either has never developed to manly stature in character or has deteriorated.

In certain senses, therefore, the advice contained in the following lines, handed to me a couple of days ago by a friend, to pass on to others in this way, is such as appeals in its wisdom to every true man and woman:

Question not, but live and labor
Till your goal be won,
Helping every feeble neighbor,
Seeking help from none;
Life is mostly froth and bubble,
Two things stand like stone—
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own.

In one sense it is nobler to be independent, "seeking help from none," but in another it is certainly wise to seek to gain by every acquaintance or chance meeting. As is often remarked, we are always learning and "it is never too old to learn"; we gain help from one another on every hand each day if we are on the lookout for it, and it would seem the part of wisdom to seek help in that way from others. Yet the manly, womanly, self-reliance that tries to do all that is possible independently of others is bound to accomplish more than the puny, leaning dependence that is afraid to stand alone for fear it may fall.



Worth of The Commonplace

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN is a writer who has produced not a few gems of the same dainty completeness as the one here quoted, which, though it appeared in *Success* several months ago, is yet in my estimation worth repeating not once but many times; and others, judging from what I have read, have the same appreciation of it. The title is "Sources," and it runs:

I passed a stagnant marsh that lay
Beneath a reeking scum of green,
A loathsome puddle by the way;
No sorrier pool was ever seen.
I thought: "How lost to all things pure
And clean and white those foul depths be."—
Next day from out that pond obscure
Two queenly lilies laughed at me.

I passed a hovel 'round whose door
The signs of penury were strewn;
I saw the grimed and littered floor.
The walls of logs from tree-trunks hewn.
I said: "The gates of life are shut
To those within that wretched pen";
But lo! from out that lowly hut
Came one to rule the world of men.

So when we are prone to think with the author of these lines, like the surprised Nathaniel, that no good or beautiful thing can come out of the humble and obscure places, we have sometimes to "come and see" that out of such unpromising sources arise blooms of beauty and streams of power that spread their influence over a world.

There is danger, too, lest we overlook the fact that the great majority of people, as of natural objects, have no particular distinction, but are just common, everyday specimens. It is the ordinary kind of apples that satisfies the world's demand for apples, and it is the ordinary kind of man that does the world's work—though it is granted that the extraordinary man is the leader in thought and action, yet he cannot do much without his undistinguished brother.

It thus becomes apparent that "the common herd" not

only may be the "source" of "one to rule the world of men," but also is the element of essential value for the completion of any work of men. The same author from whom the above lines were quoted has written a very appreciative poem on this very subject, which is here reproduced from the Baltimore American:

"The common herd"—God bless us, every one!
We common folk who toil from sun to sun;
We who our brother's hardships understand,
Nor strive to hide the callous on each hand;
We who in countless thousands throng the street,
Oft silent though in sympathy we greet;
Without our help what great thing has been done?
"The common herd,"—God bless us, every one!

"The common herd,"—that flinches not from toil
Through freezing winters when the summers broil;
That bravely treads its round from day to day,
And clothes and feeds itself on meager pay;
That comes more near content than they who boast
A daily income that would feed a host;
That sweetly sleeps when each day's toil is done—
"The common herd,"—God bless us, every one!

Unselfish Kindness

A FRIEND who has seen many a day of brightness, and also without doubt some days of shadow—for who that passes very far along the way of life does not find the mingling?—but who throughout a lengthened life has preserved the happy spirit that looks ever for the silver lining of the cloud and makes others cheerful by the mere aspect of his countenance, gave me the following lines a few days ago, as his own sentiments, and a suitable motto for this department:

“If I can let into some soul a little light,
If I some pathway dark and drear can render bright,
If I to one in gloom can show the sunny side,
Though no reward I win, I shall be satisfied.”

It is this thought of helpfulness without regard to any prospect of reward or the lack of it that alone makes the effort worth making, either for the one who makes it, or for the one in whose behalf it may be made. Otherwise it becomes perfunctory and ineffective.

The motto of work for work's sake is a good one to help make one cheerful. The Roycrofters enjoy their work and live happy lives by reason of their following out that idea. Just in the same way we might take it as a good working rule to be cheerful for cheerfulness' sake. That is the surest way to really enjoy life oneself, and also the best way to exert a helpful, cheering influence upon one's neighbors.

“Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone;
For this sad old earth has to borrow its mirth—
It has sorrow enough of its own.”

Or, as a hymn puts it, “Go, bury thy sorrow, the world hath its share—go, give them the sunshine.” It is useless to depend upon the world for sympathy in trouble—though it would be no doubt unjust to charge the world with being utterly heartless: yet it remains true that others are more susceptible to our joyous moods than to our sad ones.

And one is likely to get paid back in one's own coin, too. Whining and complaining over one's misfortunes will bring only misery and complaining in response to any future appeal for sympathy. A cheery word to a down-cast brother will be returned with interest some day when one's own spirits are drooping, and the seed sown, the bread cast on the waters, is found after many days.

"Be kind, is the way to get kindness—
If not, what's the use of regret?
Rail not at this world for its blindness,
But pity, forgive, and forget."

There's the key to a philosophy that has been tried and not found wanting, but which has enabled many an old pilgrim on life's highway to travel along with firm, buoyant step, till the foot of the hill is reached, and in the evening he lies down to pleasant sleep.

Sociability An Instinct

“IT is not good that the man should be alone.” Such were the words of the Creator at the beginning. And how their truth is every day shown forth. Man left to himself becomes morose and savage, declines to the level of the brute. Man is a social animal. Even misery likes company. And how true it is that we halve sorrows by sharing them, and by the same means double our joys.

The sociable instinct in man is God-given, and, therefore, is to be cultivated. Let us cultivate sociability by speaking the kindly word of sympathy, offering delicately our help to our neighbor in need, giving the hand of fellowship to our brother man, our sister woman, and thus carry out the Golden Rule.

The daily walk of life is brightened by the word, the hand-grasp, the smile of another soul. The joys we feel are enhanced by our friend's entering heartily into our joy. And it is our duty to offer our sincere tribute of friendship's congratulation to our friends. We need not expect to find others cheering us with bright words of sympathetic joy unless we, too, show the same feeling.

Any woes, too, that oppress us—how they are lightened by a kindly glance and a word of compassion, of commiseration, of genuine sympathy. Here, too, such actions are but the due of humanity; due from others to us, and equally due to others from us. We must not be selfish if we would enjoy life.

The story is told of a man, staying over night at an inn, being asked by the landlord where he came from, and what kind of neighbors he had. To the latter question he replied: “Oh, I had very disagreeable neighbors. I could not get along well with them at all.” “You will find just the same sort of neighbors where you are going,” answered the innkeeper. Another man from the same town, and bound for the same place as the other, was

asked the same question. He said: "I had very good neighbors; they were kind and agreeable." "You will find your new neighbors just the same," said the landlord. Being asked by the first man how that could be, he replied that the secret of good or bad neighbors lay in the man himself more than in his neighbors.

So, a man who would have friends must show himself friendly. Friendship, as Coleridge called it, is a sheltering tree. And the charm of friendship lies in its sympathy, in its sharing the merriment and the weariness of life's daily paths. The retiring Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly of the United States, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, has given a beautiful expression to this thought in the following lines:

Oh, who will walk a mile with me
Along life's merry way?
A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free,
And let his frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
That fill the field and fringe the way,
Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me
Along life's weary way?
A friend whose heart has eyes to see
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,
And the quiet rest at the end of the day—
A friend who knows, and dares to say,
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk till journeys end,
Through summer sunshine, winter rain,
And then? Farewell, we shall meet again!

Catch The Upper Currents

WHAT better expression of true wealth can be found than these lines by I know not whom, but echoing the sentiments of some of Shakespeare's sonnets:

The heart it hath its own estate,
The mind it hath its wealth untold;
It needs not fortune to be great,
While there's a coin surpassing gold.

No matter which way fortune leans,
Wealth makes not happiness secure;
A little mind hath little means,
A narrow heart is always poor.

'Tis not the house that honor makes,
True honor is a thing divine;
It is the mind precedence takes,
It is the spirit makes the shrine.

It is the attitude of mind, therefore, that determines the true wealth of the possessor. And it is the mental temper and disposition that must be cultivated to enable the person to realize his wealth. In one of his inspiring talks to the Harvard students, Dr. Peabody pictured a vessel lying becalmed on a glassy sea. Not a breath of air stirs a sail. But presently the patiently watching sailors notice that the little pennant far up on the masthead begins to stir and lift. There is not a ripple on the water, nor the slightest movement of the air on the deck; but the men know that there is a current stirring in the upper air, and at once they spread their upper sails to catch it. The vessel instantly begins to move under the impulse of the higher currents, while at the surface of the water there is still a dead calm.

So in life, says J. R. Miller, who uses the anecdote, there are higher and lower currents. Too many of us use only the lower sails, and catch only the winds blowing along earthly levels. But there are also winds which blow down from the mountains of God, and it would be an unspeakable gain to us all were we to let our life fall under the influence of these upper currents. We

should be wise to so adjust our relations with others that we should all our days be under the influence of the good, the worthy, the pure-hearted, the heavenly.

Our lives in their general trend and color are largely under our own control. We can determine the influences under which they shall be moved and moulded. We can, for example, cultivate the habit of calmness and avoid harmful indulgence, evil in its effects upon others and upon ourselves, and as prejudicial to health of mind and body as overeating, or violence of temper, or scandal-mongering. We belittle life, when we magnify little evils and troubles, giving them a distorted importance, out of all proportion to the actual things of value in life. To those involved in such tempests in teapots the effect is one of misery, while to the outside observers it is ludicrous.

The Woman's Home Companion, speaking of this matter, suggests that to be happy one should look at the troubles of life as through the large end of an opera glass, thus diminishing them and making them appear far away; while the pleasant things we should look at through the small end, magnifying them and bringing them nearer to us.

"We are so impatient of discomfort of any sort," says Forward, "that we run here and there in search of remedies for troubles that would heal themselves with a little wholesome letting alone. Half the worries that spoil the day and make restless nights, half the dangers that we foresee for ourselves or our loved ones, half the changed demeanor in friends over which we grieve, are imaginary, or but flitting clouds that will pass with a little time. There is wondrous healing in rest and patience, and a depth of meaning we have never yet fathomed in the words of the prophet, 'In quietness and confidence shall be your strength.' "

Oh, for more recognition of the value of calmness and deliberation, of "quietness and confidence" in these days of hurry and worry!

Meditation

IT is said that bees can work best in darkness, but whether or not this be true it is unquestionably the case that men and women can extract the honey from the flowers of life and build it into the food of their inner lives best in the quietness of meditative moments, and not in the hurly-burly of rushing everyday business.

In order to the development of character it is necessary to employ one's leisure time to a greater or less extent to the contemplation of one's own nature and disposition, to the purpose of life and to one's own attitude towards that purpose. We need to ask ourselves the question, What am I here for anyway? An honest facing of that question for five minutes alone with one's own thoughts will often turn the whole course of a man's or woman's life, particularly a young person's, for it is then that one realizes at once the seriousness of life and the grandeur of its possibilities.

What connection has the seriousness of life with the "Brighter Side," some one may ask. Well, it is the people who have most thoroughly faced life's meaning who see most clearly that the world is moving forward to a better and happier day, and that life has more of gladness in it than of sadness if we but take it aright.

But to realize this truth one must frequently come close to nature and to one's own inner aims and purposes. One must get away, if only for a few moments, two or three times a day, from the worries and cares of daily business, the pressure of daily work, the demands of society, in whatever form presented, yes, even the claims of friends and family,—and commune with one's own heart silently and alone. This is a source of refreshment of spirit, nerving the soul to the tasks ahead, and more than compensating in vigor and energy for the time snatched or "made" to accomplish the retreat from more active employment of one's hours.

In this connection I would introduce a little poem
from the "Household," called

A Legend

There has come to my mind a legend,
A thing I had half forgot,
And whether I read it or dreamed it,
Ah, well, it matters not.
It is said that in heaven at twilight
A great bell softly swings,
And man may listen and hearken
To the wonderful music that rings.
If he puts from his heart's inner chamber
All the passion, pain and strife,
Heartaches and weary longings
That throb in the pulses of life;
If he thrusts from his soul all hatred,
All thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear in the holy twilight
How the bell of the angels rings.
And I think there is in this legend,
If we open our eyes to see,
Somewhat of an inner meaning,
My friend, to you and me;
Let us look in our hearts and question,
"Can pure thought enter in
To a soul if it be already
The dwelling of thoughts of sin?"
So, then, let us ponder a little,
Let us look in our hearts, and see
If the twilight bell of the angels
Could ring for you and me.



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